

Tragic Romance of a Community in the Wilds of  
Pennsylvania.

burns," the best laid plans of fate and men went all agley," so mife, with a ruthless hand, cast the hopes of Ole Bull and his colonists into the pit of despair, and soon after the first twelve-month hush fell upon the forest. The colonists, however, their fondest plans and turned their happiness and content into sadness and unrest. It became known to the colonists that the title to their land was in jeopardy. The government had paid out as well as if it had been thrown into the fire, and they were left at the very verge of starvation without even a rift of hope in the cloud of despondency. Many of the colonists had been told that the title was theirs, and they had. Others used money that had been borrowed from friends. When the colonists got over their first great disappointment and grief there were those who said that the title was theirs, and they regretted against Ole Bull. At his order was placed the blame for the disastrous termination of the colonists' roseate dream. They forgot that in the shrewd game of the land owners in the United States, Ole Bull had been swept away, Ole Bull was by far the heaviest loser. He, like they, was left almost penniless, but they thought only of their own losses and the hardships that they had to stand.

But Ole Bull, though almost heart-broken over the cruel fate that had overtaken his own fortune and the colonian plan which bid so fair to be a blessing to his countrymen, did not despair. He knew that there was much to be done, and that quickly. The stores of the colonists were about exhausted, discontent was manifest upon every hand, winter was coming on, and success was far away.

It was then that Ole took up his violin again, and for the next few months

Mrs Anderson told me of the coming of Ole Bull and his countrymen; how boisterously happy they were; how they danced the nights away, to the enchanting notes of Ole's fiddle, and how they built castles in the air during their quiet moments. One night at a merry-making held at the Oleona inn the Norwegians danced so lustily that the floor

The assembled populace, at sundown, wended their way homeward. Two days later there came a letter into the post at Oleona, from Ole Bull. It was mark-

[illegible]

And thus was Ole Bull deposed from the exalted position of ideal, which he held two years before, to be embarrassed and humiliated by the very men for whom he had sacrificed much. In another decade the old Norwegian log houses will have rotted down, the remaining walls of the "castle" on the hill will have been razed by the elements, and the story of Ole Bull's starving colony will be known only in history.—Philadelphia Times.

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This happened in France as well as in England.

In France, as in England, they got hold of the principal gentleman who

He will make national property of these trusts, as Cromwell, as Danton, made national property of the property which the kings thought was theirs.



Time and human indignation are wonderful workers. They are more powerful and more persistent even than the trust owner who thinks there is nothing to arbitrate. Their turn will come, and the descendants of the present trust owners will find themselves ultimately possessed of nothing but a poor reputation, with perhaps hereditary eczema and megalomania added on.—New York Journal.

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